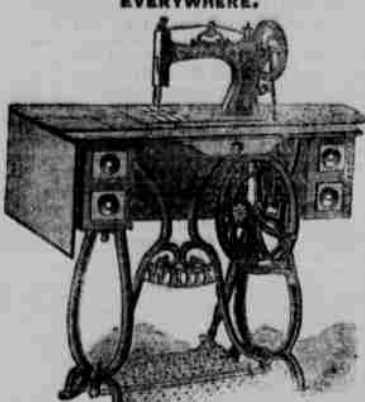


**Middlebury Register,**  
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**A Blight in Summer.**

I was not the regular doctor, for the  
practice at Burnley belonged to Fred  
Garnet, an old hospital friend of mine,  
who had taken to a simple country prac-  
tice, while I had been roaming the world  
as surgeon in emigrant ships, and during  
the Franco-German war. We had met  
after seven years, when I wanted a  
month's quiet in the country, and he had  
asked me to attend to his practice, while  
he came up to town to pass a degree, for  
he was a hard-studying, ambitious fellow.

A man at the door desired me to come  
over and see his master, who was dying  
of gout. This was the announcement by  
the servant. Saving that I had been  
consulted about a "terrible wherit" pain  
in the back of an old lady of sev-  
enty-five, this was my first call.

"There's Miss Kate watching for us,"  
said the girl as we drove on, but my at-  
tention was too much taken up by the pre-  
tense of the place, and I was gazing idly  
about, thinking nothing of "Miss Kate"  
and her cases, when the gig stopped, and  
I jumped down.

"Here he is, uncle dear," she cried.

"Time he was here," exclaimed some  
one with a savage roar.

I placed the patient in an easy position,  
the patient breaking out into furious  
exclamations the while. Then, by means  
of some hoops from a small wooden tub,  
I made a little gyp tent over the limb  
so that the coverings did not touch the  
exquisitely tender skin, and at the end of  
half an hour had the pleasure of hearing  
a sigh of satisfaction, of seeing a smile  
steal over the face, which was now smooth  
and bedewed with a gentle perspiration,  
and directly after, in a drowsy voice, my  
patient said:

"Kitty, my darling, he's a trump.

Take him into the next room and apolo-  
gize to him, and tell him that I'm not  
always such a beast."

He was half asleep already, while I—  
even in that short hour—I had fallen into  
a dream, a dream of love; I who had  
never loved before, nor thought of it, but  
as sickly boy-and-girl stuff, unworthy of  
busy men.

I cannot tell you how that day passed,  
only that Kate Anstey had implored me  
not to leave her uncle yet; and I? I was  
her slave, and would have done her  
bidding even to the death.

He was soon better, but my visits to  
the farm were more frequent than ever.  
I went one day as usual, but instead of  
Kate being at the window and running  
out to meet me, the old gentleman stood  
at the door, looking very angry, and he  
at once caught hold of my coat and  
dragged me into the kitchen.

"Is anything wrong?" I said, trem-  
bling.

"Yes, lots," said the old man. "What  
do you come here for?"

"For mercy's sake, don't keep it back!" I  
said.

"I never for the life of the man seemed to swim  
around me. Is Kate ill?"

"Yes—I think so," he said gruffly.

"But look here, young man, what does  
this mean?"

"Mean?" I said. "Oh, Mr. Brand, if  
she is ill let me see her at once!"

"She don't look very bad," he said,  
peering through the crack of the door into  
the parlor, where I could see her white  
dress; "but I say, young man, you'd  
better not come any more. She's growing  
dull and I can't have my darling made a  
fool of."

"Made a fool of?" I stammered.

"Yes," he said, gruffly; "what do you  
come here for?"

I was silent for a minute, with a won-  
derful feeling stealing over me, as at last  
my lips said—I did not prompt them—  
"Because I love her with all my heart."

"And you've told her so?"

"Not a word," I said, slowly. My  
hand was being crushed as in a vice the  
next minute.

"I'm not a gentleman, but I know one  
when I meet one. There, you may go  
and talk to her, if it's as you say; for if  
it's true you wouldn't make her unhappy;  
but, my lad, the man who trifled with  
the girl's heart would be the greatest  
scoundrel that ever stepped on God's  
earth."

The whole of this part of my life is so  
dreamy that it is like some golden vision.  
But I was at her chair I knew, and  
that glorious evening I was content  
to watch the soft, dreamy face beside me  
as she sat there with hands folded in her  
lap, watching the sunset.

At last we rose and walked together  
through the wood, to stop at last beneath  
an overhanging tree, and there, in low,  
broken words I told her I loved her, and  
in her sweet, girlish simplicity she laid  
her hands upon my shoulders, looked up  
in my face, and promised to be my little  
wife.

I went home that night, riding in a  
wonderful triumphal chariot instead of  
a gig, and to my great surprise on reach-  
ing the house the door was open, and  
"Back already!" I stammered.

"Already? Why the time is up,"  
he said, laughing. "You must have had  
good sport with your fishing, Master  
Max."

It came upon me like thunder, this  
return, and I lay that night awake—hap-  
py, but miserable, for this meant the end  
of my visit, and what was to come in the  
future? I had not thought of that.

I put it off for the time, and having  
obtained willing permission from Garnet,  
I went his rounds the next morning, and  
of course found my way to the farm.

I fancied the servant looked at me in  
rather a peculiar, constrained way, as she  
said that her master had gone to the off-  
hand farm.

"And Miss Kate?" I said.

"She's down in the wood, sir," said the  
girl.

I waited to hear no more, but ran along  
the garden, leaped the gate, and crossing  
two fields, went through the wilderness,  
and over the stile into the wood.

"My darling," I kept repeating, as I  
hurried on, expecting to meet her at every  
turn, and then I stopped short with a ter-  
rible pang seeming to catch my heart. I  
was dimly, faint, raging with anger, and  
half mad in turn; but that all passed off  
to leave a bitter, crushing sense of misery,  
as I held on by a young sapling, and  
peered at the scene before me.

There stood, with her back to me,  
Kate—false, false Kate—with the arm of  
a tall, handsome, military-looking man  
encircling her waist, her head resting on  
his shoulder, and even as I gazed, he bent

his head down and she raised her arms  
her face—her lips to meet his kisses, as  
he folded her tightly in his breast.

I saw no more, but stole blindly away,  
went to the stable, saddled and bridled  
the horse in a dreamy fashion, mounted,  
rode back to Burnley, threw the bridle  
to the man, went straight to the station  
without seeing Fred Garnet, and went off  
to London.

Six months glided by, and then I was  
once more called upon to take charge of  
the practice of a friend in the suburbs.

It was one dark night in the winter  
that I had had a call—for I knew that I  
should only lie and toss about sleepless,  
and I was too good a doctor to take my  
own drugs—when the surgery bell rang  
sharply, and the summons that I had  
wished for came.

It was a policeman with a hansom  
cab, and his glistering shoes wet and vividly  
in the red light of the lamp over the door.

"Axiden' case, sir," he said. "Dr.  
Barker in the next street's got it in 'and,  
sir, and he wants help."

I learned from him that a gentleman  
had been knocked down by the very same  
cab we were in, and trampled upon by  
the horse before the wheel went over and  
broke his leg.

We were there in a few minutes, and I  
was shown into the back parlor of a com-  
fortably furnished house, where the suf-  
ferer had been laid upon a mattress.

A brief conversation with my colleague  
ensued, and he told me what he feared  
and how he was situated, another impor-  
tant call demanding his presence. The  
result was that I agreed that we would  
examine the patient, and then I would  
stay till Dr. Barker's return.

A future granter of the mattress saluted  
us as we turned to our patient, and he  
held the lamp over his face, and the light  
fell upon the fair hair and drooping  
monstrance, I nearly dropped it.

"None," I thought. Mine enemy  
delivered into my hand. Kate's lover ly-  
ing bruised and broken—crushed like a  
reed at my feet. And now I need not  
kill him to be revenged for all his cruelty  
to me, but stand by supine, and he would  
die.

For a few brief moments told me that  
I possessed greater knowledge than my  
colleague, and that if I withheld mine,  
nothing which Dr. Barker could do would  
save the flame even now trembling in the  
socket of life's lamp.

The scene in the wood flashed before  
me once again as I stood there—Kate's  
sweet face upturned asking for this man's  
kisses, and all so vivid that my brain  
recoiled, and a mist floated before my eyes.

"What do you think, Mr. Lawler?"  
said a voice at my elbow, and I started  
back into the present.

"That he'll be past saving in an hour,"  
I said, quietly.

"I fear not," said Dr. Barker, shrug-  
ging his shoulders.

Here I unfolded my plan as I said  
bitterly to myself. "And heap coals of  
fire upon his head. Kate, take your lover,  
and God forgive you."

"Excellent," exclaimed Dr. Barker,  
who was a frank, gentlemanly fellow,  
without professional jealousies; and in  
an hour's time we had done all that was  
necessary, our patient was breathing easi-  
ly, and Dr. Barker was shaking my  
hand.

"He's saved, Mr. Lawler. You've  
saved his life. Now I'll be off and get  
back in an hour's time. You've given  
me the greatest lesson in surgery I ever  
had in my life."

And then I was alone, thinking bitterly  
of what I had done.

"Kate—Kate—daring!"

These words feverishly muttered brought  
me to myself, and I was the cold, hard  
man once more as I rose, and taking the  
lamp, bent down over my patient, whose  
eyes now opened and he stared at me.

"Where's Kate?" he asked; "and  
where—what?" He stopped short.

"Hush," I said, coldly; "you have  
had an accident."

"Accident? Oh, yes. I remember I  
was going to catch the night train for  
Burnley, when that unfounded cab—"

"You don't talk," I said, fighting  
hard to contain myself. "You are seri-  
ously hurt."

This last was not professional, but there  
was a grim pleasure in giving him some  
pain.

"That's bad, doctor," he whispered,  
"for I was going down to see my darling  
—she's very ill."

"Ill?" I exclaimed, starting.

"Yes," he said, speaking with pain,  
and I could not stop him now. "Con-  
sumption, they say, broken heart, I  
think. Some scoundrel—"

I almost dropped the lamp as I caught  
his hand and gripped it, and said, in a  
hoarse, choking voice, for I was strug-  
gling to see the truth.

"What do you wish me to do?"

"Telegraph at my expense to my brother-  
in-law. Take it down or you'll forget.  
From Christopher Anstey to John Brand,  
Greenhead, Burnley. Say Kate is not to  
forget. You know best."

"Yes, yes," I stammered, my hands  
trembling as I took out a pencil and pre-  
tended to write. "Miss Kate, then," I  
faltered, "is—"

"My darling child!" sobbed the poor  
fellow, "and she's dying!"

He was too weak, too faint to heed me,  
and with a bitter groan I turned away  
stunned—dazed almost at my folly. For  
I saw it all now, poor, weak, pitiful, for  
I felt that I was—I had seen the girl  
I worshipped petted and caressed by her  
own father, and without seeking or asking  
an explanation, I had rushed away, leav-  
ing her to think me a scoundrel—no  
more.

When I turned once more to the mat-  
ress my patient had fallen asleep, and I  
stood there thinking.

In a few minutes I had made my  
plans; then, watch in hand, I impatiently  
waited for Dr. Barker's return.

He was back to his time, and in a few  
minutes I had made my arrangements.

"Doctor," I said, "you were in my  
debt for this night's work."

"My dear sir, I'll write you a check  
for twenty guineas with pleasure," he re-  
plied.

"Pay me in this way," I said; "see  
that these patients whose names I have  
written on this slip of paper are attended  
to well for the next two days, and tell  
our friend here that his message has been  
seen to."

"They 'Amen' and 'Thit Down'!" The  
speaker collapsed.

He promised eagerly, and the next  
minute I was in the street, running to the  
nearest cab-stand.

I was just in time to catch the early  
morning train, and half mad, half joyous,  
I sat impatiently there till the train  
drove back to Burnley, where the fly  
slowly jolted me over to the Four Mile  
station.

It was a bright, clear, frosty morning,  
and the sun glared from the river upon  
the trees, but I could think of only one  
thing as I kept urging the driver on, and  
he must have thought me mad as I leaped  
out and rushed into the well-known par-  
lor.

"Kate!" I cried, as half blind I ran  
towards a pale face lying back in an easy  
chair by the fire.

"You scoundrel!" I was roared at the  
same moment, and the sturdy farmer had  
pinned me by the throat.

"Yes, that," I said; "only hear me."

His hands dropped as Kate uttered a  
low cry and fainted.

"Quick!" I said, "water and some  
brandy."

With a low growl of rage my old pa-  
tient got obeyed, and in a few  
minutes Kate opened her eyes to look  
full into mine as her head rested on my  
arm.

"Have you come to say good-bye?"  
she asked feebly; and there was such a  
look of reproach in that poor, worn face,  
that I could only answer in a whisper:

"No, no—to ask you to give and bless  
me with your love, not ask you to forgive  
me for my cruel weakness, for I must  
surely have been mad."

A deep groan made me turn my head,  
to see that the farmer's head was down  
upon his arms, and his broad shoulders  
were heaving deeply.

"I thought you would never come  
again," said Kate, feebly; but I never  
gave up hope.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

**Making Calls.**

Making calls is in general one of the  
thankless and unsatisfactory duties of  
civilized life. Of course neighbors  
call, and those of friendship, which have  
some of the characteristics of a visit, and  
none of the embarrassments of fine clothes  
and slight acquaintanceship; calls in par-  
ticular where we are almost as much